

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

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Review of New Books.

A Voyage of Discovery into the South Sea and Beering's Straits, for the Purpose of exploring a North East Passage, undertaken in the Years 1815—1818, at the Expense of His Highness the Chancellor of the Empire, Count Romanzoff, in the Ship Rurick, under the Command of Lieutenant Otto Von Kotzebue. Illustrated with numerous Plates and Maps. 3 vols. 8vo. pp. 1233. London, 1821.

THE long expected voyage of Kotzebue was published on Saturday last, in an English translation, and we lose not a moment in making our readers fully acquainted with the discoveries of that enterprising navigator; but before we do this, we shall take a retrospective glance at the discoveries which have been made in geography within the last four centuries,—discoveries the most important, since they have not only as it were created new worlds, but done much to improve the old one.

At the beginning of the fifteenth century, all the inhabited world, in which there was any thing like intercourse, was circumscribed within very narrow limits; namely, Great Britain, France, Spain, Italy, Germany, and Greece; the lesser Asia; the western part of Persia, Arabia, the northern parts of Africa, and the islands in the Mediterranean Sea. These were the old world of our ancestors, and even some of these countries were but very imperfectly known. Germany was almost unexplored beyond the banks of the Elbe, and Poland as little known beyond the Vistula as Hungary beyond the Danube. Muscovy or Russia was as perfectly unknown as China; and all the knowledge they had of India was from a little commerce on the coast about Surat and Malabar.

Africa had once been better known; but by the ruin of the Carthaginians, all the western coast of it was forgotten; the northern coast only continuing to be known. The Baltic Sea was not discovered, nor even the navigation of

it known. America was not heard of; the coasts of Greenland and Spitzbergen had never been visited by an European navigator. Angola, Congo, and the Gold Coast, on the west side of Africa, whence such immense wealth has since been drawn, were not discovered; all that mighty ocean we now call the South Seas, was hidden and unknown. The Atlantic was frightful in the distant prospect, nor durst any one peep into it, otherwise than as they might creep along the coast of Africa, towards Santa Cruz; and the North Sea was hid in a veil of impenetrable darkness.

When, however, Columbus discovered America, and Gama opened the true route to the Indies, a host of voyagers, adventurers, and conquerors followed their example; in less than half a century, the quantity of known land was tripled; each year had its discovery, and the limits of the world were almost daily extended. But no sooner did this noble ardour evince a tendency towards commercial war, than suddenly discoveries ceased; the slightest obstacles were sufficient to arrest that progress which had been marked by so much zeal, and problems of the simplest nature were declared difficult of solution. A thousand navigators sailed through the Southern and Pacific Oceans, and all seemed carefully to avoid the new lands which deserved their attention. It was in vain that two men of genius, Tasman and Quiros, sought an unknown world; their example was not followed, for the mind of man was no longer influenced by the enthusiasm of discovery.

Two centuries had elapsed in this way, when our immortal countryman, Cook, opened a new era, and the success of his vast labours inflamed the ambition of enlightened nations. To enumerate the results is unnecessary, since every modern map bears record of the extent and importance of the discoveries. Among the geographical problems yet remaining to be solved, the most important is, that of a northern passage from the Atlantic to the Southern Ocean, or *vice versa*, from the

South Sea into the Atlantic, and to this navigation has of late years been principally directed. For three successive centuries the connection between the two oceans has been sought in vain; the greatest navigators of all nations have participated in the attempt to solve this difficult problem; but in this, as in all other maritime enterprizes, the English have principally distinguished themselves: we were the first to make the attempt; and, with the most laudable perseverance, we have continued our exertions, without intermission, up to the present moment.

Russia, which has not possessed a navy much more than a century, has employed it very actively to the improvement of science, and, of late years, to solve the great geographical problem, for which several expeditions have been fitted out. We shall not enter into an account of these or of the discoveries made by those of our own nation, but shall proceed at once to the voyage of Lieut. Kotzebue.

It was for the purpose of exploring a north-east passage that Count Romanzoff, a Russian nobleman of great wealth, which he liberally devotes to scientific pursuits, fitted out a vessel at his own expense. The command of it was given to Lieut. Kotzebue, a son of the able but unfortunate writer of that name, and who had previously accompanied Comodore Krusenstern in a voyage round the world. A vessel of one hundred and eighty tons' burden was built for the occasion, at Abo, in Sweden, and called the Rurick. The astronomical and other instruments were purchased in England, and the expedition fitted out under the immediate superintendence of Count Krusenstern, who has written an able introduction to the present work.

It was on the 30th of July, 1815, that Lieut. Kotzebue, accompanied by two officers and twenty choice sailors, left Cronstadt for Plymouth, where, having completed his equipments, he sailed on the 5th of October, on his voyage of discovery. The vessel touched at Teneriffe and Santa Cruz, and was the first Russian vessel that

ever showed its flag in the harbour of Talcaguano, in Conception Bay. The commander of the place invited Lieut. Kotzebue and his officers to a party at his house, where the customs were somewhat curious. He says,—

‘There are in the ball-room, on an elevation of two steps, benches covered with red cloth; on these sat the gentlemen and elderly ladies: the young ones had their places on the steps at our feet, and I was quite confused when I observed a handsome young girl, dressed in satin and diamonds, set at my feet; but as I soon perceived that all the gentlemen shared this distinction with me, I took courage, and raised my eyes again. The herb of Paraguay, or rather the leaves of the lau-tree, is known in all the Spanish settlements, and generally used instead of tea; (the herb of Paraguay is used in Chili, to the amount of 1,000,000 dollars, annually) but the custom is not so well known of presenting this tea in a silver vessel, with a pipe to it, out of which every one in the company takes a few sips, and hands it to his neighbour. When my turn came round, I considered it a duty due to propriety, to imitate those who preceded me, though I found it difficult to suppress a certain dislike, as I was about the twentieth that was to suck at this pipe; but I had scarcely put my lips to it when I drew them back burnt. I, therefore, advise every one to whom tea is presented in this manner, to take hold of the pipe with his teeth. However, the taste of the herb of Paraguay is not bad; it is boiled with sugar, and then kept hot in this vessel over charcoal; it is a sweet aromatic juice which one sips.’

In sailing from Conception Bay to Kamtschatka, Lieut. Kotzebue touched at Cook’s Bay, but he was not welcomed by the natives like La Peyrouse; on the contrary, they displayed much hostility. He sought for the large and remarkable statues on the beach, mentioned by Cook and La Peyrouse, but found nothing but a broken heap of stones, which lay near an uninjured pedestal. This change in the conduct of the natives is said to have arisen from an American captain having, in 1805, landed at Cook’s Bay, and endeavoured to seize upon a number of the inhabitants:—

‘The combat is said to have been bloody, as the brave islanders defended themselves with intrepidity; but they were obliged to yield to the terrible arms of the Europeans [Americans]; and twelve men and ten women fell into the merciless hands of the Americans. Upon this the poor creatures were carried on board, fettered for the first three days, and not released till they were out of sight of land. The first use that they made of their recovered liberty was, that the men

jumped overboard; and the women, who attempted to follow them, were prevented only by force. The captain made the ship lie to, in hopes that they would return on board for refuge, when they were threatened by the waves. He, however, soon perceived how much he had been mistaken; for the savages, used to the water from their infancy, thought it not impossible, notwithstanding the distance of three days’ voyage, to reach their native country; and at all events they preferred perishing in the waves, to leading a miserable life in captivity. After they had disputed for some time as to the direction they should take, they separated; some took the direct way to Easter Island, and others to the north. The captain, extremely enraged at this unexpected heroism, sent a boat after them, which returned after many fruitless efforts, as they always dived at the approach of the boat, and the sea compassionately received them in its bosom.’

The first discovery made by Lieut. Kotzebue was of an island, in latitude $14^{\circ} 57'$ south, and longitude $144^{\circ} 28'$ west, to which he gave the name of Romanzoff’s Island. A chain of smaller islands was also discovered. The most considerable of these islands lying at intervals of from one hundred to two hundred fathoms, and united by small coral reefs, is about two miles; the breadth from about a quarter to half a mile; and all of them covered with the finest trees. These islands were called Rurick’s chain. Lieut. Kotzebue then touched at Penrhyn’s Island, and opened an intercourse with the natives, who, unlike the other South Sea islanders, do not tattoo themselves. But not to be quite unornamented, most of them have inflicted bloody stripes on their back and breast. They wear their hair very long, and are all naked. Some of them had suffered their finger nails to grow to the length of three inches. Two more groups of islands were discovered, to which the names of Kutusoff and Suvaroff were given.

When Lieut. Kotzebue reached Kamtschatka, he made an addition to his crew of six sailors and an Aleutian, and sailed for Beering’s Straits, where he discovered a safe anchoring place, to which he gave the name of Kotzebue’s Sound. He thinks it calculated to afford essential advantage to the trade in furs, as they are in abundance, and recommends that the Russian government should establish some settlements on the coast of Beering’s Straits, to the north.

From Kotzebue’s Sound, the Rurick sailed to Oonalashka, its commander intending to pass near the east

coast of Asia, and from thence to St. Lawrence’s Bay. Landing here, he saw several tents of the Tschukutskoi, which were extremely dirty. The inhabitants are above the middle size, and of robust make. Several of them went on board the Rurick, and sang and danced with the sailors. When Lieut. Kotzebue landed, they went in a friendly manner to meet him, and invited him and his friends to sit down on some skins, and entertained them with a dance:—

‘Before the dance begun,’ says our voyager. I gave the women some needles and beads, and the men tobacco-leaves, and the general joy was much increased by the importance of the presents. The ball now commenced with a solo-dance; an old dirty, frightful, ugly woman steps forward, making the most curious and certainly most fatiguing motions, with the whole body, without stirring from her position; she distorted her eyes, and made such strange grimaces as excited general laughter. The music consisted of a tambourine, and a chorus of many voices, but had few charms for an European ear. After this followed several men and women, who exhibited themselves separately; but none could equal the skill of the old woman. The conclusion of the ball was distinguished by a very particular dance: twelve women placed themselves close to each other in a half circle, turning their backs upon each other; the whole group sang, and tried to express the contents of their song by motions of the hands and body.’

While Lieut. Kotzebue continued in St. Lawrence’s Bay, one of the Tschukutskoi took a pair of scissors by force from one of the sailors, and drew his knife to secure the booty; one of his countrymen, however, darted on him, and wrested his booty from him:—

‘His chief also ran up to restore order; and when I complained to him, that his people behaved very badly, he led me, instead of giving me any answer, to a circle drawn on the ground, about a fathom in diameter; here the criminal is compelled to run at a short trot always one way. This punishment is as painful as it is singular; and I do not believe that any body could run long in that manner without falling down.’

After touching at Oonalashka, Lieut. Kotzebue sailed for the Sandwich Islands, where he was kindly received by the King, Tamaahmaah, at Owhyhee, and introduced to his favourite Queen, Kahumanna, and two other wives. He gives a singular picture of the court:—

‘The chief employment of the royal ladies consists in smoking tobacco, combing their hair, driving away the flies with

a fan, does not become Islands young to walk ried it fallen consec tubes. ing to have a stitute these v man p mount people few w then s emitte Half d I decli pean s who, a to the was en went second dress t their f they l smear and co which brown appear large c above if they dress other Before King’s girl; holding proteo other drove group about to in Vanc had f Kahum She s his de Lie the k to ex as is receiv ‘dog autho ‘dog ing o gaped a con coupl Kotz drank Engl

a fan, and eating. Tamaahmaah himself does not smoke, otherwise this custom has become so general in the Sandwich Islands, within these few years, that young children smoke before they learn to walk, and grown up people have carried it to such an excess, that they have fallen down senseless, and often died in consequence. They do not want pipe-tubes, but the pipe heads, which, according to the custom of the country, they have always hanging at their side, constitute a part of the royal ornaments; these were of the size of the largest German pipes, made of dark wood, and mounted with brass, but which only rich people can procure. Kahumanna took a few whiffs with evident pleasure; she then swallowed a part of the smoke, and emitted the rest through her nostrils. Half dizzy, she gave me the pipe, and, as I declined, she, astonished at my European stupidity, gave it to her neighbour, who, after a short enjoyment of it, gave it to the third wife. As soon as the pipe was emptied, a fresh one was filled, and went round in the same manner. The second employment of the ladies is to dress their hair, which is cut short, after their fashion; only over the forehead they let it grow a couple of inches long, smear it with a white sticky substance, and comb it back; the snow-white streaks which by this mode rise above the dark brown countenance, give it a ludicrous appearance. All the three queens were large corpulent women, who had lived to above half a century, and did not look as if they had ever been handsome. Their dress was distinguished from that of the other ladies by various silk handkerchiefs. Before the door, on a mat, was seated the King's daughter, a tolerably handsome girl; behind her stood a little negro-boy, holding a silk umbrella over her head, to protect her from the rays of the sun; two other boys, with tufts of red feathers, drove away the flies from her; the whole group had a pleasing effect. When I was about to rise, Kuhumanna held me back, to inquire, with much kindness, after Vancouver, who, during his stay there, had found Tamaahmaah at variance with Kahumanna, and had reconciled them. She seemed much affected at the news of his death.

Lieutenant Kotzebue next visited the king's son, who had already begun to exercise the rights of his father, and, as is customary on such occasions, had received the name of Lio-Lio, that is, 'dog of all dogs; and such,' says our author, 'we really found him.' The 'dog of all dogs' was naked, and laying on his stomach; he rose lazily, and gaped stupidly on his visitors, holding a conversation respecting them, with a couple of naked chamberlains. Lieut. Kotzebue dined with the king, who drank the health of his guests in the English fashion, and indulged in wine

to excess. He is a sensible man, and when he introduced his guest to the Morai, he said, 'these are our gods, whom I worship; whether I do right or wrong, I do not know; but I follow my faith, which cannot be wicked, as it commands me never to do wrong.' The king, at his dinner, is attended by one of his servants, with a spitting-tray, made of wood, in the form of a snuff-box. The royal saliva is carefully preserved, in consequence of a superstition, that so long as they are in possession of this treasure, their enemies are not able to send him any sickness by conjuration.

At Woahoo, another of the Sandwich Islands, our author was invited to dine with the Governor Kareimoku; but, when he arrived, his host was not present, but sent an apology, 'that he begged to be excused for his absence; but his lady was so very tipsy that he could not leave her.' They were, however, entertained with a Woahoo dance:—

'The musicians were four men, who beat with small sticks on a hollow gourd, which produced a noise, that might serve for time to the song. Three dancers by profession, who go from one island to another, and show themselves for money, now stepped forward, entirely naked, except bracelets of hog's tusks, and half armour for the feet, made of dog's teeth. They placed themselves opposite to us, close to each other; and expressed the words to the accompanying sound by the skilful movements of the whole body. They were particularly skilful in changing their faces every moment to suit them to the motions of the body. The spectators were enraptured, and at every pause entered the circle to make presents to the dancers; and, in the end, in their enthusiasm, gave even their silk handkerchiefs. After the men had sufficiently distinguished themselves, the scene changed, and a number of young girls arranged themselves in three rows. Their heads and shoulders were tastefully ornamented with wreaths of flowers; the neck adorned with pearls and various fantastic things; besides this, they had only the lower part of their body covered with a coloured tapa. This group had a very pleasing effect, as they accompanied the monotonous music with graceful movements. The last rows conformed to the first, and always imitated the movements of the foremost dancers. The whole bore the impression of pure nature, and delighted me more than a skilfully executed European ballet. The theatre was inclosed with a fence of bamboo canes, behind which, a small house lay concealed; before it promenaded a large hog, guarded by two Kanakas, and which was stroked with much fondness by the high persons who passed by.'

This hog was kept to be sacrificed to

the gods, when one of the young princes first performed his sacred duties in the morai. The lance exercise is a favourite amusement at Woahoo, though seldom permitted since Tamaahmaah conquered the island. Lieut. Kotzebue thus describes it:—

'The day intended for the combat, is fixed before hand, that the nobles from all parts may assemble to display their courage and dexterity. There are sometimes above a hundred, who divide themselves into equal parties, and occupy a large space for the scene of combat. Both parties take their positions, and the leader of each advances to the middle of the place. These two then endeavour to hit each other with their lances, of which they have several in their hand; each of them tries to avoid the lance of his opponent by dexterous turns of the body, and both are in constant motion, springing backwards and forwards, stooping at the same time, always throwing their lances. The parties, in the mean time, stand motionless, awaiting the issue; a high spirit animates the party whose leader is victorious, which they consider as a good omen. After this prelude, both sides become animated; troop advances against troop; in a moment all is activity, and the air is full of blunted lances, for such only are allowed in this combat. Their art of war consists in breaking the lines of the enemy, in attacking single parts with superior force, and making prisoners; for this reason, a skilful leader never fails to take advantage of his opponent's mistakes, or to induce him, by a stratagem, to draw his main force to one side, and so to expose the weaker part. If these stratagems succeed, the victory is decided, and the party out-manœuvred submits. The method of proceeding in real battles is precisely the same, with this difference, that the lances are so pointed, as to pierce the enemy at a distance of ten paces; they also hurl stones in their battles, and make use of large clubs of heavy wood. As fire-arms have now been introduced, the use of lances will probably soon go out of fashion. Tamaahmaah is universally acknowledged to be the most skilful lance-thrower; he has often, to prove his dexterity, suffered fourteen lances to be aimed at his breast, where every throw would have been fatal, and avoided them all with the greatest dexterity. The renown of his invincible valour made the conquest of the islands easy to him. When he appeared with his fleet before Woahoo, the king of that island fled into the mountains, being convinced that the custom of putting the vanquished to death would be practised upon him. "I must die," said he to one of his confidential friends; "but not by the hands of my conqueror; for I will not let him enjoy this triumph. I will sacrifice myself to the gods." His corpse was afterwards found in a cave on the summit of a mountain.'

From the Sandwich Islands Lieut. Kotzebue sailed for Radack; and, on the 1st of January, 1817, discovered a new island, to which he gave the name of New Year's Island. It is situated in $10^{\circ} 8' N.$ latitude, and in longitude $189^{\circ} 4' West$. The inhabitants approached the ship and bartered some goods, but would not afterwards permit the boat's crew to make a landing. In another island, in the same neighbourhood, they met with no opposition, but, on the contrary, they were well received by the inhabitants. Their leader bore a large shell horn; he was a tall well-made man, of thirty; his black hair, which was elegantly bound together upon his head, was ornamented with a wreath of white flowers, in the form of a crown. In his ear-holes, which were remarkably large, he wore rolls of tortoise-shell, ornamented with flowers; round his neck hung various gay movements; he was differently tattooed, and much more than the others. This man was called Rarick; and a portrait was taken of him, from which Lieut. Kotzebue has given a coloured engraving.

From Radack, Lieut. Kotzebue sailed to St. Lawrence Islands, and had free intercourse with the inhabitants; one of whom, called Kadu, accompanied him in his visit to several of the islands. A connected history of this native we shall give in our next number. On the island of Georgia several sea-lions were seen, to which they approached within a distance of twenty paces:—

'The lions were engaged in a continual warfare about their mates, as they always try to appropriate several, which they commonly conquer from their neighbours by their valour. The heroes are known by the number of their females; they often lie, from eight to ten, close to each other, that their defender may the more easily protect them, and he always goes raging and roaring around them, ready at every instant, in case of an attack, as the number of lions seems to exceed that of the lionesses. They combat so furiously, that blood is seen gushing out; pieces of flesh fly about, and not seldom one of them falls down dead; in which case the victor immediately enters on the rights of the vanquished, and possesses himself of the widowed seraglio. The combat, however, lasts longer when several attack one hero; for, as soon as he is vanquished, the allies begin to quarrel among themselves, and do not cease till the most valiant has gained the victory. The roaring of these animals is beyond description; it is heard at sea during a calm, and when the wind blows from the shore, at the distance of six miles.'

When at St. Lawrence Island, Lieut. Kotzebue found his hopes of penetrating Beering's Straits blasted, on account of the ice, which extended as far as the eye could see to N. E. and then to the N. covering the whole surface of the ocean; he, therefore, determined to return, and on the 3rd of August, 1818, cast anchor in the Neva, opposite to the palace of Count Romanzoff. Here the journal of Lieut. Kotzebue terminates, in the middle of the second volume; the remainder of the work consists of the remarks of the naturalist who accompanied the expedition, on the places visited, and an Appendix, by other authors, which we shall briefly notice.

We cannot here avoid remarking, that of all voyages round the world, this of Lieut. Kotzebue appears to have been the least fruitful in discovery. We say this without meaning the slightest imputation on the talents of the enterprising voyager, which were strikingly displayed in his navigating so successfully in the great ocean, among low coral islands and reefs, which render it extremely difficult. To us it appears that Lieut. Kotzebue was more anxious to discover new islands, however unimportant, which he might honour with the harsh names of his adopted countrymen, than to verify former discoveries. It has even been denied that he has made any new discoveries, and said that the islands which he claims as such, have been known and mentioned under other names by preceding navigators; we think him, however, clearly intitled to all the honour he claims, and as he has evinced the necessary qualifications for the task, we hope he may again be sent to explore the great ocean so often traversed during the last half century.

We have hitherto confined our review to the journal of the voyage, and we now turn to other matters connected with it. In the 'Remarks and Opinions' of M. Chamisso, the naturalist of the expedition, we meet with the following singular anecdote:—

'About the year 1800, Tamaahmaah, (King of the Sandwich Islands) on occasion of the birth of a son, invented quite a new language, and began to introduce it. The newly invented words were not related to any roots of the current language, nor derived from any of them; even the particles, which supply the grammatical forms, and are the connectives of the discourse, were transformed in a similar manner. It is said, that some powerful chiefs, who were displeased at this metamorphosis, destroyed the child

who caused it, by poison. At his death, the enterprise which had been undertaken at his birth, was abolished. The old language was again adopted, and the new one forgotten.

M. Chamisso has given an ingenious disquisition on the language or dialects of the islands in the Great Ocean, with an extensive vocabulary of those of Chamori, Eap, Ulea, and Radack. He does not confine his remarks to the new discoveries, but extends them to Teneriffe, Brazil, Chili, California, the Phillippine and Sandwich Islands, Kamtschatka, &c. &c.

Of the inhabitants of Radack, we are told, that they are slender but well built, and healthy, and of a darker colour than the people of Owhyee. Both sexes wear their long beautiful black hair neatly and elegantly tied up behind:—

'Men and women wear, in their pierced ear-lappets, a rolled pandanus leaf. The roll for the men is three inches in diameter, and for women, only half. It is sometimes covered by a very thin plate of tortoise-shell. Some older people had, besides, pierced the upper edge of the ear, to put flowers through.

'The skilful elegant tattooing differs according to the sex; in each it is uniform. For the men, it forms over the shoulder and breast, a triangle, pointing to the navel, which consists of several variously combined stripes; similar well disposed horizontal stripes occupy the back and the stomach. With the women, only the arms and the shoulders are tattooed. Besides this regular designing, which is only executed when they grow up, and is wanting in very few, they have all, when children, groups of designs or stripes tattooed over their hips and arms, but more seldom in the face. Amongst these drawings, we sometimes observed the figure of the Roman cross. The place tattooed is very dark, drawn sharply and raised above the skin.

'The dress of the men consists in a girdle, with bast straps hanging down, to which is often added, a smaller square mat as an apron; boys go quite naked till they have arrived at manhood. The women wear two longer mats, fastened with a string over the hips; the girls wear, very early, a small apron.

'The Iru or Chiefs are frequently distinguished by their large stature, never by immoderate corpulency. The tattooing in them generally extends over those parts of the body which are not tattooed in common people, the sides, the hips, the necks, and the arms.

'The houses of the Radackers consist only of a roof, supported on four posts, with a hanging floor. They are only high enough to admit a person to sit under them. You climb through a square opening into the upper room, which con-

tains all their little property. They sleep on this floor or in the open space below; and several open huts, of the form of a tent, round about, serve as separate sleeping apartments. The roofs are of cocoa or pandanus leaves; the floor is strewn with very fine fragments of coral and shells, which are found on shore. Only a coarse mat serves for a bed, and a block of wood for a pillow.'

The fruit of the wild pandanus forms the chief food of the Radackers, who are described as an amiable people, that treat strangers with hospitality, and never become importunate or troublesome:—

'Every where,' says M. Chamisso, 'we met the picture of peace among an infant people; we saw new plantations, advancing cultivation, many children growing up, with a small population; the affectionate attention of the fathers for their offspring, pleasing unaffected manners, equality in the intercourse between chiefs and other men, no servility to the more powerful, and with greater poverty and less self-assurance, none of those vices which disgrace the people of the more eastern Polynesia.'

'The inhabitants of Radack adore an invisible God in Heaven, and offer him a simple tribute of fruits, without temples and without priests.'

'Marriages depend on a free convention, and may be dissolved as they are concluded. A man may have several wives. The woman is the companion of the man, and seems freely and voluntarily to submit to him, in a just relation to the head of the family. In their wanderings, the men go on before as protectors, and the women follow. When any subject is discussed, the men speak first; the women, when called upon, take a share in the conversation, and attention is paid to them.'

The bond of exclusive friendship between two men, which is found in all the islands of the first province in Radack, obliges the friend to give his wife to his friend, but does not bind him to seek for revenge by blood:—

'We mention with hesitation, a law which Kadu ascribed to urgent want, and the sterility of the niggardly earth. Every mother is allowed to bring up only three children; her fourth and every succeeding one she is obliged to bury alive, herself. The families of the chiefs are not subjected to this barbarity. Natural children are brought up in the same manner as the legitimate. When they are able to walk, the father takes them to himself. When no father recognizes the child, the mother keeps it; when the mother dies, another woman takes care of the child.'

'The corpses of the deceased are entirely wound round with strings, in a sitting posture. The chiefs are buried on the islands. A large square space, surrounded with large stones, marks the

place, under palms, on the inner shore. They treat in the same manner their enemies fallen in battle, according to their rank. A staff fixed in the ground, with annular incisions, marks the grave of the children who were not allowed to live. We have ourselves seen both kinds of graves.'

The same customs with regard to the burial of the dead, are observed at Ulea and the islands lying more east. M. Chamisso, in an examination of the disputed geographical problems, relative to these parts, is of opinion, that the two continents of Asia and America are separated; and he considers the north-east cape not to be an isthmus which unites both quarters of the globe, but merely a promontory of Asia; but he does not attach any belief to an open north polar sea.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Jerusalem Delivered. Book the Fourth. From the Italian of Tasso; being the Specimen of an intended New Translation in English Spenserian Verse; with a Prefatory Dissertation on existing Translations. By J. H. Wiffen. 8vo. pp. 96. London, 1821.

It has long been a subject of regret among the admirers of Tasso, that he has never possessed a translator worthy of him, and that the English reader lost the principal beauties of the bard of Mantua, frittered away as they were in the insipid version of Hoole. It is true that Fairfax's translation was much superior, but, until its recent republication, it was by no means frequently met with even in good libraries. Fairfax's is, however, a very unequal performance; and he passes from the sublime to the ridiculous at a single step. This is partly owing to the age in which he lived, when a fondness for proverbial conceits was general. Carew's Godfrey of Bulloigne, written nearly at the same time as Fairfax's translation, is much inferior to it. Several other authors commenced versions of this great poem, among whom was Gray, whose translation of a fragment of the fourteenth book displays great felicity of language and purity of taste. It, as Mr. Wiffen elegantly observes in his Dissertation, 'like some solitary marble column, beautified with immortal ivy, speaks eloquently to the imagination, attesting what the finished structure would have been in magnificence and grace.'

It remained for the present age, however, to do Tasso that justice which his admirable poem demanded.

Mr. Hunt, who published a translation of the 'Jerusalem Delivered' about three years ago, far surpassed all who had preceded him in the same track. It is to be regretted that this gentleman has written in couplets instead of stanzas, so well adapted to an heroic poem, and that he has been somewhat diffusive; these may by some be deemed venial faults, or no faults at all, but they are, we believe, the only ones to be attributed to his translation, which is faithful, vigorous, and elegant.

Mr. Wiffen, who although a young bard, occupies no unimportant niche in the temple of poetic fame, and of whom we have more than once spoken very highly, had commenced his translation of Tasso before Mr. Hunt's work appeared; and we are glad that he had the courage to pursue it. He has adopted the Spenserian stanza as the happiest measure and the best adapted to the romantic spirit that pervades the 'Jerusalem Delivered.' In this, we doubt not, most readers will agree with him, particularly when they see the success with which he has applied it in the fourth book, which is now published as a specimen. Avoiding equally a slavish and verbal fidelity, and that license which often loses all similarity to the prototype, Mr. Wiffen has endeavoured to make his work 'less a copy than a twin.' He has transfused much of the genius and spirit of the original in his own elegant and harmonious version; and that it is neither deficient in vigour or dignity, let the following stanzas bear witness. They are descriptive of Lucifer, and his passionate harangue to his synod of fallen angels:—

'There was a majesty in his fierce face
That deepening others' fears, increased his
pride;
His eyes were bloodshot, and instinct with
rays,
That like a baleful comet, far and wide,
Diffused a venomous splendour, which out-
vied
The fascinating spake's; barbarous and hoar
His grand beard swept his breast, and, gap-
ing wide
As deep Charybdis on the Sicil shore,
Yawned his terrific jaws, besmeared with foam-
ing gore.
'His breath was like those sulphurous va-
pours born
In thunder, stench, and the live shot-star's
light,
When red Vesuvius showers, by earthquakes
torn,
O'er sleeping Naples in the dead of night,
Funereal ashes! whilst he spoke, affright
Hushed howling Cæberus, Cæno's shriek;—
Cocytus paused in his lamenting flight;
The abysses trembled; horror chilled each
cheek;

And these the words they heard the shouting giant speak.

"PRINCES OF HELL! but worthier far to fill
In Heaven, whence each one sprang, his
diamond throne,
Ye! who with me were hurled from the blest
hill,
Where glorious as the morning star we
shone,
To range these frightful dungeons—ye have
known
The ancient jealousies and fierce disdains
Which goaded us to battle,—overthrown
We are judged rebels, and besieged with
pains,
Whilst o'er his starry droves the happy victor
reigns.

"And for th' ethereal air, serene and pure,
The golden sun, and starry spheres, his hate
Has lock'd us in this bottomless obscure,
Forbidding bold ambition to translate
Our spirits to their first divine estate.
Then, ah the bitter thought! 'tis this which
aye
Stings me to madness,—did he not create
The vile worm man, that thing of reptile
clay,
To fill our vacant seats in those blue fields of
day?

"Nor this sufficed; to spite us more, he
gave
His only son, his darling, to the dead.
He came; he burst the portals of the grave;
Compass'd our kingdoms with audacious
tread;
The spirits in torment doomed to us, he led
Back to the skies—his richly-ransomed
throng;
And, in our teeth, Hell's conquered ensigns
spread,
Abroad on Heaven's bright battlements up-
hung,
The whilst ten thousand saints loud alleluiahs
sung.

"But why renew afflictions too severe
By numbering up the wrongs already known!
When, and on what occasion did ye hear
He paused in wrath, and left his works un-
done?

No more o'er past indignities I run,
But present injuries and future shame—
Must we slight these? Alas! we cannot
shun
The consciousness that now his hated aim
Is the wide nations round from darkness to re-
claim.

"What! shall we pass in sloth the days
and hours,
Cherish no wrath-born lightnings in our
veins,
But leave his principalities and powers
To reap fresh laurels on the Asian plains?
To lead Judea in their servile chains,
And spread his worshipped name from clime
to clime?
Sound it in other tongues, in other strains?
And on fresh columns sculpture it sublime,
To teach a future age, and mock almighty
Time?

"And must our glorious idols be o'er-
thrown?
Our altars change to his? our temples nod?
Gold, incense, vows, be paid to him alone?
And Baal bow before the shrine of God?
In the high groves where erst we made abode
Must priests, nor charm, nor oracle remain?

And shall the myriad spirits who bestowed
Tribute on us, that tribute now disdain,
And o'er dispeopled realms abandoned Pluto
reign?

"No! for our essences are yet the same,
The same our pride, our prowess, and our
power,
As when with sharp steel and engirding
flame,
In godlike battle we withstood the flower
Of heaven's archangels; we in evil hour
Were foiled, I grant, but smiling chance,
not skill,
Made them victorious—still we scorned to
cower;
The fire of glory—tamelessness of will,
Burnt it not in our hearts? does it not burn
there still?

"Then longer why delay! arise, take
wing,
My hope, my strength, my sweet familiars,
fly;
Plagues and swift ruin on these Christians
bring,
Ere reinforced by any fresh ally;
Haste! quench the spreading flame of chi-
valry,
Ere in its blaze Judea all unites;
Your arts exert, your upas-arrows play;
Enter at will among their armed knights,
Now practise open force, and now use secret
sleights.

"Let what I will be fate! give some to
rove
In exile, some in battle to be slain;
Let some abandoned to a lawless love,
Make woman's smiles and frowns their joy
and pain,
And brilliant eyes their idols; let some stain
Their swords in civil strife; let some en-
gage
In crimes against their king; let murder
reign
With treason, rage with murder, hate with
rage;
So perish all—priest, king, page, noble, serf,
and sage!"

We always admired Mr. Hunt's
translation of Tasso's beautiful picture
of the lovely Armida, and Mr. Wiffen's
version is equally happy:—

"Never did Greece or Italy behold
A form to fancy and to taste more dear!
At times, the white veil dims her locks of
gold,
At times, in bright relief they re-appear:
Thus, when the stormy skies begin to clear,
Now through transparent clouds the sunshine
gleams,
Now, issuing from its shrine, the gorgeous
Sphere
Lights up the vales, flowers, mountains,
leaves, and streams,
With a diviner day—the spirit of bright beams.

"New ringlets form the flowing winds amid
The natural curls of her resplendent hair;
Her blue eyes, rolled beneath its shadowing
lid,
Locks up its wealth with more than miser
care;
The rival roses upon cheeks more fair
Than morning light, each other's claims
oppose,
But on her lips, whose breath the love-sick
air
Woots for its violet scent, the crimson rose,

Its whole voluptuous bloom in crowned domi-
nion throws.

"Ripe as the grape just mellowing into wine,
Her bosom swells to sight; its lily breasts,
Smooth, soft, and sweet, like alabaster shine,
Part bare, part hid by her embroidered vests;
Whose jealous fringe the greedy eye arrests,
But leaves its fond imaginations free,
To sport, like doves, in those delicious nests,
And their most shadowed secrecies to see;
Peopling with beautiful dreams the lively
phantasy.

"As through the waters of a crystal spring,
Blue with excessive depth, the sunbeam
darts,
Cleaving the still glass with its gorgeous
wing,
It leaves no wrinkle on the wave it parts:
So, noiseless, Fancy dives in virgins' hearts
Through vestures as unruffled, to explore
Their amiable deceits, their shining arts,
And the mind's cells, whence Love his gold-
en ore
Draws to illumine desire, and charm us more and
more."

The corresponding passage to the
second stanza above quoted, is thus
given by Mr. Hunt:—

"In native curls her waving ringlets flow,
Yet added curls the breathing gales bestow;
Her eye was fix'd upon herself alone,
As greedy of Love's treasures, and its own;
Glow'd on her cheek the rose's purple light,
Though soften'd by the blending iv'ry's white;
But on her lips, whence breezy fragrance,
In all its genuine lustre, bloom'd the rose."

The arts used by Armida, while in
the camp, are described with much
knowledge of human nature:

"All arts th' enchantress practised to be-
guile
Some new admirer in her well-spread snare,
Nor used with all, nor always the same wile,
But shaped to every taste her grace and air:
Here cloistered is her eye's dark pupil, there
In full voluptuous languishment is rolled;
Now these her kindness, those her anger
bear,
Spurred on or checked by bearing frank or
cold,
As she perceived her slave was scrupulous or
bold.

"If she marked some too bashful to advance,
Sick if unnoticed, diffident if seen,
Forth flew her beautiful smile, her thrilling
glance,
Sunny as summer and as spring serene:
Thus reassured, their dying hopes grew keen;
The faint mistrust, the languishing desire
Reviving brighten in their eager mien;
Those looks a thousand amorous thoughts in-
spire,
And Fear's pale frost-work melts in Fancy's
lively fire.

"If some made bold to press her virgin palm,
Too rashly building on her former cheer,
She grew a miser of her eye's blue charm,
Spared her fond smile, and frowned them in-
to fear;
But through the wrath that fired her front
austere,
And ruffled her sweet cheek, they might dis-
cern
Rays of forgiving pity reappear;
Thus do they droop, but not despair, and
yearn

Towards her in deepest love when she appears
most stern."

* * * * *

'Through all these shifting tempers whilst
each knight

Fluctuates disturbed, uncertain of her choice,
Through fire and frost, smiles, tears, fear,
hope, delight,

The beauteous witch their agony enjoys:
If any e'er presumes with trembling voice
To tell his secret pain, her guilefulness
The glorious vision of his soul destroys;
She nor perceives his meaning, nor can
guess,—

The very fool of Love and girlish simpleness.

'Or sliding down her eyes, the blood's warm
brightness

In rushing crimson o'er her features flowed,
Irradiating with fire their ivory whiteness,
That all her visage like Aurora's showed,
When in the fresh dawn on her eastern road
She flies the embrace of Titan, and in shame
Extinguishes the stars,—whilst anger glowed
Yet deeper on her cheek, a flower of flame,
Beside whose rosy hue, all rosiness looks tame,

'If she perceives one hastening to avow
His mournful flame, she stops her charmed
cars;

Now shuns his converse, grants an audience
now,

Then flies, returns, smiles, frowns, and dis-
appears.

Thus in a war of wishes, sighs, and tears,
In vain pursuit he wastes his life away;
And with deluding hopes, afflicting fears,
Fares like the hunter who at dying day

Has lost in pathless woods all traces of his
prey.—

'These were the arts by which Armida took
A thousand spirits captive to her sleight,
Or rather these the arms, with which she
strook,

And made them bondslaves in their own
despite.

What marvel elder Love subdued the might
Of Theseus fierce, and Hercules the strong,
When those who drew the sword in Jesu's
right,

Thrall to a wanton's tears—a syren's song,
Wore his enfeebling chains, and gloried in the
wrong!"

Should this specimen of a new
translation of Tasso's work be as well
received as we anticipate, Mr. Wiffen
will publish the whole very shortly.
We look forward to it with some degree
of confidence; and although he has
selected the fourth book as best suited
for a specimen, on account of its sin-
gleness of action, yet we must wait for
some of the later books, which are
equal in poetic merit and superior in
interest, before we give that decided
opinion of Mr. Wiffen's success which
the beauty of the sample before us has
almost seduced us to anticipate.

*Observations, chiefly in Reply to Re-
marks made in Parliament during the
last Session, on the Subject of Go-
vernment Clerks. By a Clerk.*

Svo. pp. 78. London, 1821.

It will be in the recollection of such of

our readers as pay attention to the pro-
ceedings of Parliament, that, among
the various plans of economy and re-
trenchment *talked* of during the last
session, one was a reduction in the sa-
laries of government clerks. Indeed,
one of the ministers stated, that a re-
duction of salaries in all the depart-
ments of the public service, was under
the consideration of government. This
avowal called forth remarks in favour
of the measure from several members,
particularly Lord Milton, Mr. Hume,
Mr. W. Burrell, and Mr. Creevey, who
urged it on several grounds,—as, that
clerks should make sacrifices as well as
landholders,—that provisions were
cheaper, and, therefore, less salary ne-
cessary,—that clerks were better paid
than military officers,—that govern-
ment did not require *gentlemen* for
clerks,—and, lastly, that if the clerks
felt themselves aggrieved, they might
give up their places.

It is in reply to these several argu-
ments, (if they deserve the name,) and
in opposition to the measure generally,
that the pamphlet before us is written.
The author combats with much force,
all that has been said in favour of re-
ducing the salaries of clerks, first de-
nying the right of government to do so,
and then showing, that if they possess
the right, justice and policy would
equally forbid the exercise of it. Some
of his arguments are of great force, and
well worthy the consideration of the
legislature, and particularly such mem-
bers of it as labour to save 2000*l.* out
of an expenditure of fifty millions, and
that, too, by decreasing the comforts or
encroaching on the necessities of a few
junior clerks. This able advocate of
the clerks, in denying the right of the
government to reduce their salaries,
thus reasons:—

'These persons, [government clerks]
on entering upon their several duties, have,
for the greater number, found, that by
the settled, positive, and determinate rule
of their respective offices, they were en-
titled to certain salaries, subject to an ad-
dition in proportion to the length of ser-
vice spent by them in those offices, as well
as to certain allowances, guaranteed by
50 George 3, cap. 117, in case, after fixed
periods, they were desirous of retiring
from their stations. Now, have we not
here a vested interest,—as clear and de-
fined a vested interest as it is possible to
possess? How then, I ask, can such a
property, with fairness, be knocked on
the head? When a person enters a go-
vernment office, he resolves on sacrificing
the first and best years of his existence, to
forego every other possible chance of
rising in fortune—for what, can it be sup-

posed? for the puny salary which, at his
onset, scarcely allows of his putting food
into his mouth?—impossible. For what
then? I demand; for the certainty of the
employment; for the certainty of finding,
in due time, an increase of revenue; for
the certainty of that increase being to a
certain extent; for the certainty, should
life be spared, of being able to retire, in
age or sickness, on a certain allowance;
for the advantages, it is true, of the pre-
sent, but more, as it is seen, for those in
the womb of time. These are the in-
ducements which prompt a man to dis-
pose of his talents and labour to govern-
ment; and, for the due execution of the
contract on the part of government, he re-
lies on the good faith of the country, on
acts of Parliament, on that inward feeling,
which tells him, that the solemn, the de-
liberate, the prudent determinations of
one set of ministers, will not be wantonly
kicked down by another set, and, still less,
kicked down by those very ministers
themselves; that the decision of to-day
will be the decision of to-morrow; that
the rule of the Monday will stand good for
the Saturday; that *ex post facto* laws are
not of the soil of England. These have
hitherto formed the clerks' sheet anchor;
and is his hold at once to be shivered to
atoms, because a short-sighted policy
points him out, at the present hour, for
destruction? If, after having conferred
rights on certain offices,—rights, let it not
be forgotten, which probably induced
most of those persons, who are now in
them, to engage themselves; if, after
having legislatively conferred rights,
those rights are, with impunity, to be torn
in tatters; where, I beg to know, is the
security which any man in the kingdom
can have for the value of one obole of his
property. Does not the right to an estate
rest on the same right as that right which
has been conferred by act of the legisla-
ture on the clerks? And will not the
same power which destroys the one lay
its iron grasp, if it pleases, on the other?
—Is this the tenor by which property in
England is henceforward to be held.
Whenever any of the princely sinecures
enjoyed by certain great and potent
lords, have come under the consideration
of Parliament, has it not been an acknow-
ledged principle, that not even the frac-
tional part of a farthing could be taken
from the present possessors, and that,
were the sinecures entailed on a hundred
lives, the same due regard to justice would
be adopted towards them all. If it be
desirous to remunerate the clerks em-
ployed in the offices of government, dif-
ferently from the rate at present followed,
there could assuredly be neither impro-
priety nor illiberality in legislating for the
future; but, for the individuals, who, at
this day, find themselves in the service of
the state; men who have devoted their
time under different ideas, under other
bargains, (whether profitable or not for the
country it was the government's business,
at the time of concluding them, to deter-

mine;) surely such men, however humble they may be, ought no more to find their rights invaded than the high and mighty sinecurist, or any other holder of property in the kingdom. Had the clerks been in receipt of large emoluments, arising from fines or fees of any description, the growth of the war and of the war alone, there would, indeed, be some semblance of justice in withdrawing, during the peace, that which but for the war would not have existed; but this supposition is no wise the case with the clerks, and there remains, consequently, in reality, no better reason for squeezing them than that their poverty and nakedness court the attack of the hungry and the powerful.

* Much has been urged of late respecting the distresses of the country; they may be great: can, however, the evils of which we complain, be got rid of or lessened by the commission of any signal act of severity, on the very persons who so largely participate in the privations to which those distresses give rise, as do the clerks: yet much, generally speaking, as the little comforts of the clerks have, of late years, been abridged, I am willing to allow, that even they could, with justice, be called on to surrender a portion of their property. Yes, the case does exist in which, were it under operation, the present race of clerks, notwithstanding their rights, ought to be made to experience a reduction in their salaries,—I allude to the case of shipwreck.

* If England can no longer satisfy the just demands of her creditors, her creditors, like all other creditors, must be content with a composition, and, in case of that event, I know of no reason why clerks should be paid in full, whilst their equals are compelled to give for a part a complete and perfect quittance; if that black day of reckoning has, indeed, arrived, or is to arrive, the clerks ought and must suffer in common with every class of people, for bankruptcies admit not of preferences; but, until government has declared itself insolvent; until the country has been positively and decidedly told that it can no longer afford to be honourable, that it can no longer afford to pay twenty shillings in the pound to fair claimants, I take it to be as clear as the sun at noon-day, that impartial justice can never assimilate with that principle which goes to deprive the labourer of his hire, and, by silencing the clamour of one party, work the downfall of another;—a principle which, happily for England, has never yet been openly avowed or acted upon within the limit of her empire; a principle which, whatever may be the clerks' fate, would, if once recognized, annihilate, at a blow, the very contract which binds society together, and which would cause, in ten seconds, ten million-fold more of real mischief and misery to ensue, than ever the dirty parings of a few score scribblers' salaries could effectuate of good in the course of ten centu-

ries. Thus much for the *abstract right* which government has to withdraw from the clerks any portion of those salaries which the government itself decreed to them.

We confess ourselves friends of economy and retrenchment, but it is not to the salaries of clerks that we should look for either; and we would barely hint to some of our most busy members, that the money spent in printing useless papers, which they frequently call for, amounts to treble the sum they could obtain by any reduction in the salaries of clerks.

Memoirs of the History of Scotland, from the Restoration of King Charles the Second, A. D. 1660. By Sir George Mackenzie, of Rosehaugh, Knt. 4to. pp. 332. Edinburgh, 1821.

THE MS. from which these Memoirs are printed, is said to have been rescued from the hands of one of those foes to literature, a retail shop-keeper, in Edinburgh. Fortunately, the grocer dipped into the bundle of papers he purchased before he consigned them to the base purposes of wrapping up his soap and sugar, and finding a small quarto MS. bound in vellum, handed it to Dr. McCree, who transferred it to Mr. Thomson, of the Register Office, Edinburgh, who has now given it to the public.

Singular as this story appears, yet we have no doubt of the genuineness of the work, which contains a narrative of events relating to Scotland, from 1660 to 1663, and then, after a lapse of six years, it is resumed again, and continued from 1669 to 1679.

Sir George Mackenzie, who was Lord Advocate in 1677, was the author of several works on the laws and antiquities of Scotland, some elegant Latin compositions, particularly the tract intitled '*Idea eloquentiæ forensis*,' and '*Characteres quorundam apud Scotos advocatorum*.' He also wrote a volume of Moral Essays. Of his qualifications for an historian, Sir George seems to have been fully sensible, as he declares 'that no man hath writ an history who knew more intimately the designs, and observed more narrowly all the circumstances of those actions he sets down, than myself; having being either actor in or witness to all the transactions which I mention.' Although this work does not bring forward any new facts of much importance, yet we consider it as one of those collateral aids to history, which

should not be disregarded. We shall make two desultory extracts to shew its style and character. The first relates to the acts of the first session of the Scottish Parliament after the restoration:—

'The Protector had, to maintain his tyranny over Scotland, built four citadels in it, with much art and expense; one in Air, a second at Leith, a third at Perth, a fourth at Inverness; and had planted them with English garrisons. These had till now been continued, by the mediation of Chancellor Hyde, who retained some fear that Scotland was yet too fanatic to be trusted to their own loyalty; and with him Duke Albemarle concurred, to gratify the officers and soldiers who had serv'd under him, and were yet under his command; and these two had led Middleton, then Commissioner, into the same belief, who likewise thought fit to have them as a guard to his authority here. But at the constant intreaties of the Earl of Lauderdale, who represented that Scotland had now manifested their aversion from these former rebellious principles, they were removed; and the citadels themselves dismantl'd, seeing his majesty had no revenues to maintain garrisons in them; and, if they had been kept empty, they might have proved so many defences for such as intended to rebel. The materials and ground whereupon they were built, were bestowed in this manner:—Air was disposed to the Earl of Eglington, who, thereafter, employed the same to the manufactory of cloth, newly erected there; Perth, to the magistrates of the town; Inverness, to the Earl of Murray; and Leith, to the Earl of Lauderdale, with the privilege of erecting it in a burgh of regality; which he did, to force the magistrates of Edinburgh to buy it from him; for he boasted to settle a trade there which would break their's: to prevent which, Sir Andrew Ramsay, provost of Edinburgh, did thereafter induce the town to buy it at the rate of 5000 *lib.* sterling; and this was the foundation of his court with Lauderdale, who hated him formerly as one who waited entirely on the Earl of Middleton.

'Thus Scotland was entirely freed from the English soldiers and garrisons; and Lauderdale, upon this account, deserved well of his country, and magnified himself in it as a great testimony of his love for Scotland; and to evidence his affection the more, he did, in presence of his majesty, sit down and kiss the warrant with great demonstrations of joy. But this excessive boasting, that he had prevail'd in this over Hyde, Middleton, and all the English, did somewhat contribute to renew the old discords which had formerly been entertained betwixt the nations; and occasioned the making of those severe acts, whereby the Parliament of England debarr'd the Scots from freedom of trade in their plantations, and from enjoying the benefit of natives in the privilege of shipping.

'The Parliament of Scotland, taking to their consideration how much and how unjustly this kingdom was injured, by an aspersion cast upon it for the transactions at Newcastle *in anno* 1647, at which time the King was delivered to the Parliament of England; which was called, in some histories, a selling of the king; did, by an express act, condemn and reprobate all that treaty, and declare that the same was no national act, but was only carried on by some rebels, who had falsely assumed the name of a parliament. Nor wanted there many even in that Parliament, who protested against all that procedure, and who had the courage and honesty to cause registrate that protestation. And I must here crave leave to expostulate with our neighbours of England, for inveighing so severely against our nation, for delivering up their king; seeing he was only delivered up to their Parliament, who first imprisoned, and thereafter murdered him: whereas how soon even our rebels discovered their design, they carried into England a splendid and mighty army for his defence; and when his murder came to their ears, they proclaimed his son their king, and sent commissioners to treat with him, and bring him home to Scotland; and when he was arrived, they did contribute their lives and fortunes for his safety. And, albeit, some bigot presbyterians did use him unkindly, out of too much kindness to their own principles; yet even these did very generously oppose Cromwell, and such as had murdered their king; as is clear by the attack made by General Major Montgomery, at Musselburgh, and by the Remonstrators at Linlithgow. They fought also two battles for him at Dunbar and Worcester; and suffered the greatest hardships imaginable. After which, first the Earl of Glencairn, and then the Earl of Middleton, did keep the fields under his display'd banner; nor did ever his majesty want some Scottis to stand in armes for him in Scotland, till it pleased God, in return of this loyalty, to make them the great instruments of encouraging General Monk, in his bringing home the king; having offered to assist him with their lives and fortunes against Lambert, and having contributed three months' cess *per* advance, for payment of his armies. And so remarkable was our loyalty to the world and amongst strangers, that his majesty was always called King of Scots: and it was believed and presumed in all places where our nation travelled, whether in England or beyond sea, that a Scot was still a royalist.'

The work contains some very acute reflections on the union between England and Scotland, and on the state of parties, religious as well as political. Of the *fanatics* of his day, he says,—

'These irreligious and heterodox books called "*Nepthali*" and "*Jus populi*," had made the killing of all dissenters from presbytery seem not only lawful,

but even a duty, amongst many of that profession; and in a postscript to "*Jus populi*," it was told, that the sending of the Archbishop of St. Andrew's head to the king, would be the best present that could be made to Jesus Christ. Animated by which principles, one Master James Mitchell, a profligate fellow, who, for scandal and ill-nature, had been thrown out of the Laird of Dundas's house, where he serv'd as chaplain, did, in July 1668, watch to kill that Archbishop; till wearied with want of opportunities, he at last shot at him, in his own coach, upon the publick street, and at the foot of his stairs. But Providence so order'd it that he miss'd him, but shot the Bishop of Orkney, who was in the coach with him, leaving the small leads in his arm; of which wound he languish'd till his death. Mitchell having in the crowd escapt, every man running to the Archbishop, he lurk'd that night in the garden that belonged to the Lord Oxenford, in the Cowgate, and from thence, pursu'd by his own conscience, fled to Holland; but was, by Divine Providence, which design'd him for a sacrifice, instigated to come home; where, being taken at a burial, he deny'd the fact, albeit the pistol was taken about him; and being brought to the Council in February, 1674, he was referred to a Committee; but desiring to speak with the Chancellor, and he having taken him in to another room, he fell upon his knees, and confess'd the whole matter, without asking either life or promise of any favour. When his lordship return'd, Sir John Nisbet, who was then Advocate and one of the Committee, prest that he might sign his confession; which he did, and renew'd his confession before the Council, the Duke of Lauderdale, then Commissioner, being present, without interceding for his life on either of these occasions. Whereupon the Council, who were jealous that he might retract his confession, order'd him to be pursu'd criminally; having only design'd to cut off his right hand, if he should adhere to his confession. But he, being persuaded that extrajudicial confession was not binding, re-*fil'd*; whereupon the Council declar'd, that he had forfeited any promise that was made to him; and being sent prisoner to the Bass, he continu'd there till December, 1677; at which time new discoveries having been made of a design to kill the Archbishop, Sir George Mackenzie, his Majesty's Advocate, was ordain'd to proceed against him; and a libel being given him, founded upon the 4 Act of 16 parl. Ja. 6. whereby the invading Privy Councillors' death, Sir George Lockhart was, at my lord advocate's earnest desire, appointed to plead for him: and he having rais'd an exculpation, in which he offer'd to prove that, if he emitted any confession, it was upon promise of life *et spe veniæ*, this was admitted to his probation: and having led the Duke of Lauderdale, the Chancellor, Hatten, and some others, they all depon'd, that they knew of no

promise given antecedently to his confession, and so he could not be said to have confest upon promise of life: after which, his advocates desiring that the Act of Council might be read for proving their exculpation, that was justly refus'd, because no man can make use both of writ and witnesses; and the truth was, that the Act of Council, being posterior to the confession, could not prove that the confession was emitted upon promise of life; and that act design'd to annul the confession, and so could not be made use of for astructing it. Probation being thus led, and his majesty's advocate having spoke to the assise, Sir George Lockhart refus'd to speak for Mitchell, being unwilling to offend Lauderdale; for which many blam'd him in this, as they did his management of the process in not adducing the Act of Council first: and the assise (Jan. 9, 1678) having all in one voice found the pannel guilty, he was hang'd, railing against the king and the council, without any contrition for his personal sins.

'The fanaticks continuing still their insolencies, to that height that the orthodox clergy were forced to abandon their churches and homes, and fresh intelligence coming daily of their preparations to rebel, even from the Lord Dundonald, a most cautious privy councillor, and from the President of the Session, who always favour'd them, the Duke of Lauderdale thought it his duty to inform the king of the whole scheme of affairs, and of some offers made by the Earl of Atholl, Marr, and others, of bringing out their Highlanders, to repress their designs, before they were ripen'd into a rebellion. For it was most easy for two or three conventicles, by joining together, to make an army of ten thousand men, to whom all of that persuasion would probably gather; against whom, the king could only oppose his own standing forces, not exceeding fifteen hundred in all: nor could his majesty probably expect great assistance from the militia, which consists of commons much inclin'd to that opinion, the heritors also being inclin'd to the party. In return to which, the king wrote a letter, commanding an host to be rais'd and led into the west, where they should take free quarter from such as refus'd to secure the peace: but yet, to make (Oct. 27) the western shires more inexcusable, this letter was direct to the Earls of Glencairn and Dundonald, and the Lord Ross, to be communicated to them.'

As Mr. Thomson has discovered a very laudable spirit, in bringing these Memoirs before the public, we regret that he has almost rendered them a 'sealed book,' by the limited number of copies, which, we understand, he has printed, and by the high price at which the work has been published.

Original Communications.

LIFE,

AS DISPLAYED IN THE SOJOURNINGS OF
LOFTUS GREY.

Collected, Methodized, and Conglomerated,

By W. B. L.

CHAP. III.

(Concluded from p. 600.)

A FEW minutes' conversation, as we moved from the spot to which we had thus been drawn, was sufficient for the formation of such an acquaintance as a staid Quaker maiden of sixteen could properly contract, or as a smitten youth of less grave conceits could in any conscience desire. We soon became acquainted with each other's life, birth, and parentage, and the known neighbourhood of our dwellings and the probability of future rencontre removed all hesitation and restrictions from our discourse. The '*materiel*' of her history was pithy and concise, and might have racked the inventive faculties of an ordinary novelist. Her father was engaged in some mercantile speculations on the Continent, she waited his return in the family of some friends and distant relatives, and her name was Mary Prendergast.

It required no very mighty stretch of wit to imagine that these same friends and relatives might possibly experience some tender apprehensions, touching the exact fitness of a young girl's appointment with a person whose gratitude was of so ardent a nature, and I therefore requested, as a personal and still more signal favour, that she would forbear to mention the occurrence of an accident so light and trivial as that which had just happened, and to allow me the enjoyment of that exquisite feeling, in placing into her own hands, with renewed acknowledgments, the handkerchief for which I and my dog felt such inextinguishable gratitude!! 'I know not,' she said, 'if in thus meeting thee again, and in such a place, I be doing a proper thing—if it be unseemly, I pray thee to urge not what I should avoid.'—I brushed up all the logic I was master of at this appeal to *my* prudence, and with the assistance of heaven and a few lucky principles of reasoning and qualities of syllogism, which neither she nor I rightly understood, happily blended in a sweet variety of moods, simple, conjunctive, complex, and compound, succeeded in proving, that, so far from unfitting, it was, in point of truth and

legitimate reasoning, not only an excusable act, but an absolute and imperative duty, the non-performance of which was to entail divers griefs, and be productive of sundry consequences, much to be deprecated and deplored!

She could not say a word.

But, ah! how in speaking of my beloved Mary, can the pen describe a levity of language that so belies the aching of the heart which directs it. How can a light idea be expressed, when every one that is connected with the remembrance of her, should teem with woe and sorrow.

We met again, and again, and again, and soon, too soon, alas! I wrought her young heart into the purest love that ever dwelt in woman. Dear girl! she loved me long, long ere she dreamed of such a passion; and when I at length pressed upon her the fervour of my own feelings, when I openly avowed the existence of the most ardent attachment that the soul could experience, and urged her to the confession of her own, she blushed, and was surprised, and trembled, and said not a word. Oh! how touching was that maiden bashfulness, how glowingly depicted that purity and innocence, as she yielded to my warm intreaties, to my devoted protestations, to my solemn oath of eternal affection; how blessed, how for ever blessed, that moment, as she told me in the silent voice of her blue eye, so did she love me, too.

Why should I detail the pleasures which were then experienced. Nay, I could not, I could not describe that joyousness of heart, that feeling of delight, that fire of gladness which thrilled through every vein and faculty then. I can, and I *do* sometimes bear to think of them; and then I go out and wander up and down like a beaten bark upon the ocean, and unseen by all but the eye of heaven, weep like a child.

This could not last for ever.

The glad times of life are but a passing breath; they are limited and evanescent, and are gone almost before we feel their presence; alas! not even youth; light, buoyant, and unthinking youth is exempt from the common lot of man. An accident, a mere accident at last effected that discovery which we had so long and so subtilly endeavoured to avert. Mary was wrested from my heart and arms, at a moment when I might least have suspected the probability. Our meetings were made known by the stupidity of a clownish

cow-boy—we were watched, and—we were parted.

Days and nights passed away, and still in every possible garb and disguise did I endeavour to gain tidings of my poor Mary. I haunted her dwelling—I tried to bribe the servants into kindness and loquacity—they were inexorable. Of money, I had more than an ample allowance, and all that had amassed in the absence of means to waste it, did I now gather together to bend the stubborn hearts of the rigid and scrupulous menials to my purpose; it was all, all ineffectual. Desperation often accomplishes that which prudence fails to effect. I resolved, at all hazards, to scale the garden wall, and wait the occurrence of some fortuitous event which might communicate some, if but ever so little, intelligence of the girl without whom all things else were black and dreary. Many difficulties interposed to prevent the execution of my design; but I was young, desperate, and determined; of the value of life, I nothing knew nor cared; therefore the loss had been trivial, although I had known that its forfeiture would have been the result. The seclusion of the country, and the stillness of night enabled me to complete my fixed purpose, and, after the intervention of many obstacles, and two or three slight unnoticed contusions, I at length found myself, in the dusk of a lovely autumn's evening, concealed beneath some bushes, in the garden of my beloved Mary. It was not of such length, but I could have faintly heard any noise which the domestics might have made about their occupations, but all was still and quiet, and nothing but the deepest silence prevailed there; except the casual appearance or removal of a passing light, there was nothing to indicate its habitation; once, indeed, I heard the shutting of a door, but then all was still again as ever. I had thus lain for nearly two hours, without the slightest prospect of success in seeing or hearing of Mary; the moon was shining intensely bright; and I must have waited till its situation in the heavens threw the shadow of a large tree, which stood close by, over that part of the wall by which I had obtained access, to enable me safely to retreat, when I heard the distant sound, as of a gate clapping. I was all ear, I listened long and fervidly; I listened to the stillness, till confused noises of voices and of things rung through my head in the wildest obscurity; I knew this was but auricular deception, and I

tried to recover the lost sense. I leant my face upon my hands, and arranged my straying faculties as well as I was able. I remained in this situation until the sound of a light foot-stepping beat on my hearing. I raised my head, and beheld, through the foliage of the bushes which intervened, a woman, walking very slowly, and as I thought mournfully, through the paths; when she approached that part in which I lay, she turned again in the same steady mood. I impatiently awaited her return, and listened to her receding steps, with an uneasy irritation; she again returned, and seemed making for the path which my secreting bush bordered. She passed it, and I saw that it was—oh! heaven, it was Mary!

But how altered! how changed that face and form! how pale and full of sorrow did she appear.—‘Mary dear, dear Mary,’ cried I, as I moved from my concealment; the sweet girl started, and uttered a faint cry, and then sprung into my arms, scarcely conscious of the reality of my presence. We spake few words, but, oh! how much was said and told in the short moments we were together. She recounted to me her sufferings and privations, the cruel strictness of her friends, their heart-breaking demeanor; but this and all these, she said, were nothing; she could have borne it all, and have lived upon the prospects which hope had given her; even this was denied. They had received communications from her father, who had found it necessary to abide for several years in Spain, whither his engagements had led him, and who had sent home his desire that my poor Mary should make immediate arrangements to join him there. This was too much. The thought of such a separation had never entered into my contemplations. I could have raved with very madness. Mary essayed to quell these conflicting passions. I swore that nothing should part us; that I lived, could live, but in her presence. I bade her remember all that had passed between us, our promises, our mutual protestations. I asked her if she could thus separate herself for ever from one who thus loved, adored, and idolized her. What did she say? Oh! never, while I live can I forget the look, the tone of voice with which she answered in the words of the innocent Ruth: ‘Think me not false, nor of my faith, little. We may, *may* meet again, and that, too, soon, and then we will part no more; then, whither thou goest I will go;

and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God. Where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried; the Lord do so to me, and more else, if aught but death part thee and me.’

How rapidly passed the few moments we were together; we saw the impropriety of remaining too long; and, under the pledge of meeting in the same spot on the morrow evening, we parted—parted, never to meet again!

My heart was lighter and happier after this interview. I had indulged in hope and in illusive dreams of happiness in after times, and I rose the next morning at break of day; and though I had experienced but little sleep, I rose refreshed, and with a brain less fevered. It had been my sole delight to linger around her dwelling, while all else were buried in quiet and repose, and I again directed my steps towards the scene of our last night’s transient meeting. As I drew towards the spot, I thought I could distinguish the sounds of voices and of things most unusual at such an early hour, in such a place. I sped quickly on, and as an abrupt angle in the lane disclosed to me her residence, oh! what a scene did I see—a carriage, laden with luggage, at the instant departing from the door, and the family all risen, and tokening farewell to those within it. The whole truth burst at once on my mind; I would have sprung forward, but I had not the power to move. I stood fixed to the spot in wildered astonishment; my eyes were rooted to the vehicle as it rolled rapidly away. Another moment and it was gone! Then, then did I dart forth with the swiftness of the lightning, over bush and bar, through field and moorland,—nothing, no obstacle, no impediment stopped my way. Alas! it was all in vain! I followed, till, overcome by weakness and intensity of feeling, I fell along the road, insensible and broken-hearted. I know not how long I lay, but when I recovered, the day seemed far advanced, and the rain was beating violently upon the heath which stretched before me. I rose with much difficulty, and sat myself down upon a stone which stood near me; I tried to collect my recollections, and to gain the meaning of my being there; too soon did my memory explain all I desired to know.—My breathing was short and painful, and I seemed to have a palpable weight upon my heart; I felt the extent of my loss, but I could not weep; I thought again, and again, of what I

had and should have to experience, but I could not shed a tear; oh! what mental and bodily anguish I was in. The day was dark, and the rain pouring down very fast, as I said before;—after remaining in that position, I think it must have been an hour or longer, I arose, and without knowing whither I was going, slowly pursued my way across the dark and desolate common. It seemed a wilderness to me; all the world was a wilderness; all things looked gloomy and unnatural, and the sky and the earth appeared blank and fearful; there was no living being within sight, and I felt as though there were something not right in the world, and it made my heart cold and icy to think so. It was a long time before I saw any thing to remind me of the existence of men, and when I at length beheld a small cottage on the wayside, and heard the voices of children, I started, and felt shocked and unhappy at it.

I was met and accosted by a labourer, who said that I looked ill and pale as death, and begged me to walk home to the cottage with him, and rest a little. I did so; and they gave me bread and cream, or something I know not what; and then I felt revived, but I would not remain long, I said I must go on; they asked me if I was going to —, and the name startled me; it was a small sea-port town, and Mary had mentioned it as the place of her probable embarkation. I requested he would tell me its distance, and the shortest mode of reaching it. He told me two or three times over and over again, before I could thoroughly comprehend what he said; my faculties were so weak and treacherous, that I could not follow half a dozen words together, before I had forgotten all that was said to me. They, both he and his wife, talked together apart from me, and then they both besought me to stay the night there, and said, that then I should be better, and on the morrow morning, be fitter for the journey; but I would not remain. I believe the man must have accompanied me for some distance, but I cannot distinctly recollect. I know that I travelled all night, it could have been to no great distance, for it was not until the morning had far advanced that I reached the town, and it was not many miles that he had mentioned to me as the length. I went onwards, I knew not exactly wherefore, to the beach, and then the few vessels which I saw, somewhat recalled me to my re-

collection. I asked some sailors that were loitering about, if any vessel were then bound for Spain? he pointed me to one in the offing, and told me she had just sailed, and that there was another nearly underweigh; he brought me, at my request, to the master of it, with whom I was anxious to engage as a passenger; he had more honesty than scruple, for, with the present payment of the sum which I then possessed, and the promise of the remainder when arrived at our destination, he agreed to take me on board; and, within three hours after entering the town, I was on my way to a foreign and unknown land. Then, day after day, I remained fixed to my own birth, and no intreaties could move me to come upon deck with the few passengers who went out with us. I only wanted quiet and solitude, and so that I was not teased by their well-meant assiduities, the broil and bustle of the scene were insufficient to affect me. We had been at sea five days, when, as I one evening sate brooding on the troubles of my heart, thinking of all that was past, and was to come;—the more than usual noise and commotion above, mingled with a long continued peal of thunder, roused me from that torpor and lethargy of mind which I had all along experienced. I then perceived the violent motion of the vessel, and almost unconsciously went up to witness a scene which promised well to harmonize with my own struggles;—heavens! *what* a scene presented itself! the wild ocean throwing its furious waters up towards the sky—the white lightning pouring down from the cloud and springing from wave to wave, to immeasurable distance—the horrible roaring of the billows, which seemed to vie in strength with the thunder, as it increased with every coming moment—the hoarse voices of the crew, and their uncouth and violent gesticulations—the cries of the women, and the creaking of the vessel, as they broke upon the ear at intervals. It seemed as if the world itself had been dissolved in the tottering of the universe! Such a display of elementary strife and fearful uproar must have been overpowering and benumbing to any spectator, except me; but I, though amazed, regarded it with, I might almost say, indifference; my feeling and perception to all external things, whether in repose or in commotion, were now altogether callous; and I looked on unconcernedly as to consequences, whether of good or of evil tendency.

The storm increased with every increasing minute. The captain and his crew were toiling and striving with the energy of desperation, leaving no means unessayed to avert the impending destruction. The water was growing rapidly in the hold, and all exertions could not keep it under. All at once, the captain flagged, and looked around as if he would communicate something which he had not power to do—and there he fell upon his knees and prayed God to help us, for the vessel had sprung a leak, and no power but His could save us. The thunder still kept roaring on, and the transitions from light to utter darkness, occasioned by the lighting, was truly horrible. In a moment after, a deafening cry of 'lost,'—and, 'O Lord save us,'—sprung from all parts of the ship; the waters poured into it in all directions, rushing and splashing with a violence indescribable; one more and a last lurch it gave, and then ———

* * * * *

—And then, COURTEOUS READER, I awoke, and found that all this hubbub had been occasioned by nothing but the tea-kettle boiling over into the fire, whilst I had extended to five minutes after the usual time, my afternoon's comfortable nap.

MARRIAGE,

And the various means of obtaining a Wife.

(FOR THE LITERARY CHRONICLE.)

'The treasures of the deep are not so precious
As are the concealed comforts of a man
Lock'd up in woman's love. I scent the air
Of blessings, when I come but near the
house!

What a delicious breath marriage sends forth!
The violet's bed's not sweeter. Honest wed-
lock

Is like a banqueting house built in a garden
On which the spring's chaste flow'rs take de-
light

To cast their modest odours."

Middleton's Women beware Women.

So important was the marriage state considered among the Romans, both in a moral and a political view, that they not only rewarded those who married, but decreed penalties against men who remained in a state of celibacy. Fines were first levied on unmarried men about the year of Rome 350; and when pecuniary forfeitures failed to ensure their obedience to these connubial edicts, their contumacious neglect of the fair sex was punished by degradation from their tribe. Celibacy continued, however, to gain ground in Rome; and to counteract its effects, we find that, in the year 518 from the

foundation of the city, the censors had recourse to the extraordinary measure of obliging all the young married men to pledge themselves on oath to marry within a certain time.

Augustus followed the example of Cæsar and augmented the penalties on bachelors, while he bestowed rewards on those who had a numerous offspring born in wedlock. Marriage also gave numerous advantages to fathers of families; they obtained the preference in all public employments; and if they had not obtained the age required by law, so many years of that period were dispensed with as they had children. Distinguished places were assigned to married men in the public theatres; they had precedence of their unmarried colleagues, and they were exonerated from the discharge of several burdensome public offices. Such were the immunities granted to married men among the Romans until the reign of the Emperor Constantine who modified them in several points and abolished the penalties imposed on celibacy.

The reluctance of the Romans to matrimony is strongly contrasted not only with the moderns, but also with some other nations, about the same period, particularly in Babylon, where an *auction* of unmarried ladies used to take place annually. The virgins of marriageable age in every district were assembled on a certain day of every year. The most beautiful were first put up, and the man who bade the largest sum of money gained possession of her. The second in personal appearance followed, and the purchasers gratified themselves with handsome wives according to the depth of their purses.

But alas! it seems that there were in Babylon some ladies for whom no money was likely to be offered, yet these also were disposed of, so provident were the Babylonians of furnishing each woman with a husband. When all the beautiful virgins were sold, the crier ordered the most deformed to stand up; and after he had openly demanded who would marry her with a small sum, she was at length adjudged to the man who would be satisfied with the least; and in this manner the money arising from the sale of the handsome women served as a portion to those who were either of disagreeable looks, or that had any other fault or imperfection.

To come at once to our own times, it would appear that there is no necessity for laws to encourage matrimony, or to tax celibacy, since, to use a homely provincial phrase, 'more people now

marry than boil the pot on Sundays.' The union, too, is effected without the Babylonian mode of an auction, though there is frequently a very spirited competition for a female; and those of either sex who are not fortunate enough to get suited often adopt singular methods.

One of the most chivalrous methods we ever heard of to obtain a wife was that adopted by king Sigar. Avilda, the daughter of the King of Gothland, contrary to the manner and disposition of her sex, exercised the profession of piracy, and was scouring the seas with a powerful fleet while a sovereign was offering sacrifices to her beauty at the shrine of love. King Sigar perceiving that this masculine lady was not to be gained by the usual arts of lovers, took the extraordinary resolution of addressing her in a mode more agreeable to her humour. He fitted out a fleet, went in quest of her, engaged her in a furious battle which continued two days without intermission, and thus gained possession of a heart to be conquered only by valour.

A still more romantic story is related of an Englishman, who sought the hand of a very charming lady with whom he was passionately in love, but she constantly refused him. As he had reason to believe she loved him, he entreated to know the reason why she refused her consent to their union. The lady, subdued by his constancy, told him that her only motive for refusing him, was that having by an accident lost a leg she had it replaced by a wooden one; and she feared that sooner or later this circumstance would chill his affection for her. This she declared her only motive. The lover protested that this would never make him change his love; but she persisted in refusing to marry him. Fired with love which,

'The more thou damm'st it up, the more it burns,'

and determined that nothing should obstruct his design, he, under the pretext of going a distant voyage, left his lady and hastened to Paris, where he had one of his own legs amputated. When he recovered he returned to London, went to the lady and told her that there was now no obstacle to their union, for that he was equally mutilated as herself. The lady conquered by such a proof of affection, at last consented to marry him.

Our modern lovers go much easier to work, than attempting to subdue the obdurate fair in the way we have men-

tioned. In France and England it is no uncommon thing for gentlemen to advertize for wives, and ladies for husbands, and both in London and Paris there are offices where negotiations of this nature are carried on; but the most singular method of all is, that adopted in America by means of a lottery. In No. 127 of the Literary Chronicle, there is mentioned an instance of a young man seeking a wife and a fortune by this means; and a recent traveller in the United States gives a curious account of a similar plan being put in actual practice.

'On the 21st day of December last,' says he, 'I was passing through the state of South Carolina, and in the evening arrived in the suburbs of the town of —, where I had an acquaintance, on whom I called. I was quickly informed that the family was invited to a wedding in a neighbouring house; and on being requested, I changed my clothes and went with them. As soon as the young couple were married, the company was seated, and a profound silence ensued. A young lawyer then arose, and addressed the company very *handsomely*, and in finishing his discourse, begged leave to offer a New Scheme of Matrimony, which he believed would be beneficial: and, on obtaining leave, he proposed,—

'That one man in the company should be selected as president; that this president should be duly sworn to keep entirely secret all the communications that should be forwarded to him in his official department that night; and that each unmarried gentleman and lady should write his or her name on a piece of paper, and under it place the person's name which they wished to marry; then hand it to the president for inspection: and if any gentleman and lady had reciprocally chosen each other, the president was to inform each of the result; and those who had not been reciprocal in their choice kept entirely secret.

'After the appointment of the president, communications were accordingly handed up to the chair, and it was found that twelve young gentlemen and ladies had made reciprocal choices; but whom they had chosen, remained a secret to all but themselves and the president. The conversation changed, and the company respectively retired.

'Now hear the conclusion. I was passing through the same place on the 14th of March following, and was in-

formed that eleven of the twelve matches had been solemnized, and that the young gentlemen of eight couples of the eleven, had declared, that their diffidence was so great, that they certainly should not have addressed their respective wives, if the above scheme had not been introduced. Gentlemen under twenty, and ladies under fifteen, were excluded as unmarriedable.'

We shall now close this desultory paper with an amusing anecdote of a different description from any we have yet quoted. It is related by Sir Walter Scott, in the 'Border Antiquities of England and Scotland:—

'In the 17th century, the greater part of the property lying upon the River Ettricke, belonged to Scott of Harden, who made his principal residence at Oakwood Tower, a border-house of strength still remaining upon that river. William Scott, (afterwards Sir William) son of the head of this family, undertook an expedition against the Murrays, of Elibank, whose property lay at a few miles distant. He found his enemy upon their guard, was defeated, and made prisoner in the act of driving off the cattle, which he had collected for that purpose. Our hero, Sir Gideon Murray, conducted his prisoner to the castle, where his lady received him with congratulations upon his victory, and inquiries concerning the fate to which he destined his prisoner:—"The gallows," answered Sir Gideon, for he is said already to have acquired the honour of knighthood, "to the gallows with the marauder."—"Hout na, Sir Gideon," answered the considerate matron in her venacular idiom, "would you hang the winsome young Laird of Harden when ye have three ill-favoured daughters to marry?"—"Right," answered the baron, who caught at the idea, "he shall either marry our daughter, mickle-mouthed Meg, or strap for it." Upon this alternative being proposed to the prisoner, he, upon the first view of the case, stoutly preferred the gibbet to "mickle-mouthed Meg," for such was the nickname of the young lady, whose real name was Agnes. But at length, when he was literally led forth for execution, and saw no other chance of escape, he retracted his ungallant resolution, and preferred the typical noose of matrimony to the literal cord of hemp. Such is the tradition established in both families, and often jocularly referred to upon the borders. It may be necessary to add,

that mickle-mouthed Meg and her husband were a very happy and loving pair, and had a very large family, to each of whom Sir William Scott bequeathed good estates, besides reserving a large one for the eldest.

FITZHENRY.

INNOVATIONS IN THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

THERE is something in our nice conception of the exact shades of meaning in the words of a language, which every one feels (and more especially if he understands more languages than one), but which it is impossible to explain. For instance, the word *mœurs* has by some been translated *morals*, and by others, *manners*, while each party must have been aware that his word but imperfectly expressed the idea intended; both are right, but both deficient, as the original has an intermediate meaning, or rather includes both, with all the hair's-breadth ideas associated between them. Yet still, though so expressive a word, it can never be properly Anglicised, and we ought rather to content ourselves with our deficiency, than attempt to graft so heterogeneous and crab-like a mixture upon our stock. The word *ennui* has lately made more rapid strides among us than its laziness would seem to countenance (and the fascinating tale which bears its name has aided the adoption), but how miserable a figure does it cut in our English uniform! Fashion prescribes that its Gallic pronunciation shall be preserved; and surely it is enough to give an Englishman the vapours to twist his jaws to the barbarous attempt at *ong-wee*. The trial is ridiculous, and while for our comfort we have *lassitude*, *weariness*, *spleen*, *langour*, and the *blue devils* at command, I should think our vocabulary is as rich and copious as the heart of melancholy itself could desire.—Some recent adoptions have highly pleased me, as according well with the standard of simplicity, and improving themselves at the same time to the judgment of the linguist in their etymology; and such words as *telegraph*, *panorama*, and *kaleidoscope*, will hold a deserved place in our dictionaries as long as these elegant inventions shall be known; but never can common sense or English ears be reconciled to the horrid jargon of *ayd-de-caung*, *sang-froy*, *bong-tong*, *shay-doo-ver*, *bong mo*, *ecclaw*, *see-de-vaung*, *rong-de-voo*, *o-ture*, *day-numaung*, *tray*, *day-bu*, and such like trash, which is like to delude

us to infinity. Can a mere Englishman pronounce them; or, if he could, why must he ape a knowledge above his conception? He may mangle them till he is tired, or till the feelings of his hearers are completely excruciated, but never will he fully comprehend their meaning, nor articulate them at all better than a jack-daw. Let us take one or two instances from these samples for inquiry, and see if consequence, beauty, or necessity, can offer any thing in their favour. *Bon-mot* (good word) will, by any Frenchman, be understood as wit well expressed; but our *witticism* gives all the sense, and a deal more of propriety; for what will be thought of a counsellor who should offer his services to speak a *bon-mot* for a criminal at the bar? We have a provincialism which deserves some degree of tenderness and respect from the extent of its circulation, and for a still better reason, that it was till lately the standard pronunciation, and perhaps ought to have been so continued. No small degree of ambiguity has crept in upon us, by pronouncing *beat*, *feat*, *meat*, &c. as *beet*, *feet*, *meet*, &c. It is true, that if the old sound were continued, assimilating with *bait*, *gait*, *wait*, &c. some confusion would still remain, but certainly not so much as would be sacrificed. One of this class still retains its primitive sound, and if *great* be allowed to rhyme with *strait*, surely *treat* has an equal right to the privilege. Take then your new fangled Anglo-gallicism *trait*, and it will be found not a whit behind the other in absurdity: it is totally untractable, and will no more class with English perspicuity, than a pig will class with a zebra, or Borulaski with Daniel Lambert. Pronounce it as you will, and you gain nothing but a confusion of ideas; call it *tray*, and it smells of the butler's pantry, of the japanner's shop; or your hearers are left to guess, whether you mean your dog or a tea-board; pronounce the terminating *t*, and it may then become turtle-soup, lolly-pop, or any other nick-nack in epicurism. And why admit this illegitimate upstart, when our good old *feature* contains every tittle of the other's meaning?—Feature of the face, of the mind, of the country, of a book, is as comprehensive and analogous in every respect whatever.

It is useless to investigate the crowd of gallicisms that might be presented, and ninety-nine in a hundred of them would be found as useless in their application. Two or three examples may

be stated to show the effort a language is capable of making to relieve itself from the harsh admixture of foreign intrusion;—the word *curmudgeon* must be acknowledged to be whimsical and grotesque both in appearance and sound; no length of time or literary patronage can make it an elegant word, though it can hardly be denied to be an impressive one; and it harmonizes infinitely better with us than its original *cœur mechant* (*bad heart*). *Lif-tenant* is another crippled subject, tortured into submission, and losing what little importance he had in military gradation, by merging into unintelligible nonsense. For a post of honour to be thus turned into ridicule, may to some be a subject of regret; but in the language of the kitchen much precision ought not to be expected—and *blomonge* may be as easily comprehended as *blanc-mangé* (*white eating*). A few words, by way of digression, may show that our transmarine neighbours can rival us in similar absurdities. They have adopted *boo-lin-grin* for bowling-green; and *rosbif* for roast-beef; and if those alone who are faultless are intitled to 'cast the first stone,' we have no right to commence the fray.

I have given these instances as borrowed from the French, that being more generally understood than any other language, and because our literary, commercial, and (would to God I might not add) our murderous intercourse, have exposed us most to the innovations of which I complain. Many other examples might be adduced as taken from other languages, and which are countenanced by the literary world—of these (to avoid prolixity) I shall only state the ill-matched and discordant terminations from the Greek and Latin plurals. We have naturalized the useful and expressive word *memorandum*, and why should not the *s* form its plural, and thus correspond with our general rule?—But no—

'He drew his bow, and shot at random,
And killed his wife for a memorandum.'

or, as our innovating pluralists would have it—

'And kill'd two men for memoranda.'

Thus we have *phenomena*, *stimuli*, *strata*, *fungi*, *errata*, and a thousand more ready to fasten upon as individual caprice may suggest, and with the facility of the vampire—each one contributing his share towards the obscurity and eventual destruction of a language, which, probably, has had more varied capabilities displayed by the genius of

its writers than any other which ever existed.

But whatever reasons or apologies may be given for these mongrel innovations, as if this evil were not sufficient, the public are fostering another malady, and altering our pronunciation as fast as ignorance or levity can dictate. Singularity appears to be the predominant whim; and I fear many of our distinguished cotemporaries had rather be remembered by their absurdities than sink into oblivion. M.

Original Poetry.

SONNET.

As pines the dove when from its partner torn,
And, solitary, droops in gloomy shade;
So doth my wounded bosom ever mourn,
When thou art far away from me, sweet maid.
But if, again, his partner dear returns,
Its little heart with pleasing rapture beats;
With love increas'd its gentle bosom burns,
And tastes, once more, of much-lov'd long-lost sweets.
So when again thou'rt present to my view,
The gloom disperses from my troubled breast;
And when I find thou still to me art true,
I feel, indeed, that I am truly blest.
So happy, that for one sweet kiss of thine,
The world and all its treasures I'd resign.

SAM SPRITSAIL.

SERENADE.

FROM AN ARABIC MS.

Supposed to have been written during the most splendid era of Arabian literature and magnificence in Spain, A.D. 912 to 961, in the Caliphate of Abdalrahman III.

The moon has topp'd the mountain height,
And rides her cloud-built tower,
And looks in the wave thro' the dark-eyed night—

Oh, that's the holiest hour

For love and silence.

And there are the stars

In their paly cars;

They sport the clouds so cheerily;

They strain the dew

Thro' the darken'd blue,

And drink to the night so cheerily:

And echo cries 'so cheerily'—

Till all is silence.

Then list to the chaunt,

In the fairy haunt;

On the mountain tops,

Where the eagle stops—

And then we'll move,

On the breath of night,—

Like the courier dove

In his mid-air flight—

To love and silence.

August, 1820.

H. A.

SONNET TO A DEER.

Written in Epping Forest.

STAY, timorous tenant of the woodland shade,
Ah! do not urge away thy rapid flight!—
Yet can I be surprised thou shun'st my sight,
Or by my presence thou art fearful made?

No, surely, no; by cruel sport betrayed,
To glut the tyrant man's ambitious reign,
He hunts thee panting o'er thy native plain,
And dares thy hornbeam coverts to invade;

But I will not infringe thy wide domain,
Nor will I hunt thee with the pealing hound;
Do not erect thy head, thy fears are vain,
Nor agile, o'er the shrubs and brushwood bound:—

Alas! he flies my hateful sight, a guest
Ungrateful, and leaves a rankling pang within
my breast. O. F.

THE EVENING PRAYER.

SWEEP soft, O wind of evening!

Above the poet's grave,—

And every tree around it

In solemn honour wave!

On earth no sound delighted

His museful fancy more,

Than thine—at awful midnight—

In calm or the ocean's roar.

But chief he loved thy whisper,

The song he heard thee sing,

When cavalierly wooing

The tender-bosom'd spring.

The woods and rivers hail'd thee

In answering echoes round;

The nightingale sung sweeter,

As a rival he had found.

O lovers lonely wand'ring

At such a hallowed hour!—

What looks!—what aspirations!

Did homage to its power!

Sweep soft, O wind of evening!

Above the poet's grave,—

And every tree around it

In solemn honour wave!

MAC.

SERENADE.

WAKE, my love, the orbs of night

Glitter in their midnight sphere,

Busy life has ta'en its flight

To distant regions dark and drear.

All is still—the day is gone—

Silent Night rides through the air,

Sense to Somnus' cave is flown;

Wake thee, then, my beauteous fair.

Now the glittering meteors blaze,

In the moon-lit placid sky,

And cast around their varied rays,

List and hear Alonzo sigh.

Now the goddess Silence reigns

Where Noise so lately held his court;

Listen, listen, to my strains,—

Strains by love and madness taught.

Wake, my love, the jealous Morn

Swift returns, with all his train;

Soon night's stillness will be gone,

And busy life return again.

J. C. P.

The Drama.

THERE has been no change in the performances at Drury Lane and Covent Garden during the week, except in the afterpieces at the latter house, which have been somewhat varied. Some forthcoming novelties are talked of at both theatres, of which we shall give an early account.

SURREY THEATRE.—That favourite

little actress, Miss S. Booth, made her first appearance at this house on Monday night, in a melo-dramatic romance, entitled *Mariette, the Maid of Switzerland*. The piece is already familiar to the public under the name of *Therese*. Miss Booth sustained the character of the heroine, which is one of intense feeling, with great effect, particularly in her interviews with the Countess and the villain Carwin. The character of Carwin falls to the hands of a gentleman new to this stage. He has a good face and figure, and gives promise of being a good actor. In some of the early scenes he was rather tame; but when writhing under the tortures of guilt and accusation, in the last act, he displayed much appropriate energy. Mr. Bengough was the Pastor, and looked and acted the character extremely well. The Count and Countess had good representatives in Gomery and Miss Poole; and Herring was highly amusing in the old Farmer.

MR. BENGOUGH'S BENEFIT.—On Wednesday night, this very deserving actor had a benefit at the English Opera House, when, much to the delight of a crowded audience, he introduced that phenomenon of human intellect, Miss Clara Fisher. The impression which this child made on the public four years ago, will not easily be forgotten. She was then only six years of age, and yet sustained the character of *Richard the Third* with striking effect. She has since made the tour of the country theatres, and visited Edinburgh with great success. On this evening she played *Little Pickle*, in the *Spoiled Child*, and was the smartest little romp we ever saw in the character. Her next character was a singular one for a child, Crack, in the *Turnpike Gate*. We wish Munden could have seen how well one of his best characters could be played by a mere infant. Her last effort for the evening was in the *Actress of All Work*, in which she sustained about half-a-dozen as varied and strongly contrasted characters as ever were brought together in the same drama. In every character she undertook, she displayed a correctness and a power of delineation which might put many old actors to the blush. We were happy to see, among her audience, the first tragedian of the day, Mr. Kean, who was ardently recognized. He appeared anxious to afford his support to, and testify his approval of this extraordinary child.

Literature and Science.

The Scottish Novels.—The author of the Scottish novels is the most fortunate writer of this or any age; and, if the following statement, which has just appeared in the *Monthly Magazine*, can be relied on, each of his works must be a fortune to both author and bookseller. His first editions are 20,000 copies (we have heard even 30,000), and to this is usually added another of 10,000. The following, then, is something like the account between him and his printer, for a novel of three volumes, of fifteen sheets each:—

1800 reams of paper, 26s.	£2340
Printing forty-five sheets, at 21l.	945
Advertising	100
Commission and other expenses	600

£3985

Taking the returns at only 11. 1s. per copy, the retail price being 11. 11s. 6d. } 21,000
we have a net produce of

Profit on first edition £17,015

If to this be added 8000l. for the profit of the second edition, it appears that each of these novels of three volumes, yields the enormous profit of 25,015l.!

Monument to Mr. Rennie.—It having been proposed to erect a statue to the memory of the late Mr. Rennie, on Waterloo Bridge, the erection of which he superintended, Mr. Dodd, the architect, who actually designed this noble structure, has addressed the following letter on the subject to one of the daily papers:—

SIR,—If there is any impartiality or independence in your paper, which I presume there is, I am sure you will readily insert the following truths in vindication of those that have too often suffered by other persons reaping both the honours and profit of their previous labours; for, although I have often contradicted the mis-statement of Mr. Rennie's friends respecting the Waterloo Bridge, it appears now too much to hear them talk of raising a statue to him on that bridge as its architect, when the real fact is, that Mr. Rennie was not the architect designer. This is well known to all the original subscribers; and it is also known that the plans and designs of it, which were approved of and sanctioned by Parliament, were not from the head or hand of Mr. Rennie, but Mr. Dodd; and an act granted for its erection, in which the present dimensions of its arches, piers, &c. were inserted as it now stands, and contracts were made with Jolliffe and Banks, and other persons, for its building, and the works proceeding before Mr. Rennie had any thing whatever to do with it. Therefore, how far

Mr. Rennie, after doing little more than superintending, and seeing the stone and lime put in their place, is intitled to have his statue on this national ornament, the public will be the best judges, after this fair statement of facts that cannot be contradicted.

R. DODD.

Lactometer.—In consequence of the numerous frauds practised in Ireland, in the adulteration of skimmed milk, Mr. Davy, of the Cork Institution, has been led to direct his attention to the subject, and has constructed a simple lactometer, which detects the fraud hitherto practised, in an article of the most extensive consumption.

The Bee.

*'Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia limant,
Omnia nos itidem depascimur aurea dicta.'*

LUCRETIVS.

A Persian poet takes the following liberty with the fair sex: 'When thou art married seek to please thy wife; but listen not to all she says. From man's right side a rib was taken to form the woman, and never was there seen a rib quite straight; and would'st thou straighten it? It breaks, but bends not; since then 'tis plain that crooked is woman's temper, forgive her faults, and blame her not; nor let them anger thee, nor coercion use, as all is vain to straighten what is curved.'

A French Kettle.—The following is related as a fact: There is a very large cauldron in a house at Paris, which is called 'La Marmite Perpetuelle,' from its having been on the fire eighty-seven years; during which period it has boiled more than 800,000 capons; and it boils nothing else. It is situated near the principal market for fowls, which have thus only a step to be carried from the market into the cauldron. At any hour, night or day, on applying to that succulent house, a boiled capon issues from its nutritious gulph, where they are incessantly regenerated, in a wonderful manner.

A Common Scold.—At Philadelphia, lately, Catherine Fields was indicted and convicted for being a common scold. The trial was excessively amusing, from the variety of testimony, and the diversified manner in which this Xantippe pursued her various propensities. 'Ruder than March wind,' she blew a hurricane; and it was given in evidence, that, after having scolded the family individually, the bipeds and quadrupeds, the neighbours, hogs, poultry, and geese, she would throw the windows up at night to scold the watchman. Her countenance was an

index to her temper—sharp, peaked, fallow, and small eyes.

A Good Appetite.—The man of whom several accounts have recently been published of *swallowing jack-knives*, bullets, marbles, &c. died lately in an alms-house in consequence of overloading his stomach with those articles. He gave a history of his life to the attending physician, in which many wonderful facts will doubtlessly appear. On opening his body, *twelve knives*, all shut, were found in his stomach, one of them four inches and-a-half in length and one and a quarter wide, and among them the pocket-knife of the Philadelphia physician, with his name on it. An authentic report of this very remarkable case will undoubtedly be made in the 'Medical Repository,' with more particulars than it would be advisable to give on our hearsay authority.—*American Paper.*

Quick Work.—Some years ago, there was a woman who lived in a village in Glamorganshire, South Wales, whose husband, with the little fortune he got with her, bought a small farm; he had hardly closed the purchase, when death closed his eyes; however, not intimidated with this, the widow married a second husband, who sowed it; he likewise died, and she tried a third, who reaped it, but death soon snatched him away; she then married a fourth, who threshed it, but he also followed the fate of his predecessors; and she then married a fifth husband, with whom she enjoyed the produce of it. All this happened in less than eighteen months.

TO READERS & CORRESPONDENTS.

THE MEDITATOR, No. I., 'Fragment,' 'The Culprit and the Colonel,' 'A Comparison,' 'Lines to Mary in Death,' and a Letter on National Education, in our next.

The favours of Mr. Wildernes, E. G. B., J. R. P., Mr. Hatt, and Dramaticus have been received.

Anxious to give a full view of Kotzebue's voyage in a single number, we have been compelled to postpone a notice of M. Belzoni's exhibition, and several other articles, until our next.

The tribute of respect to Col. Ponsonby, though justly merited, is rather out of season.

Erratum in our last, p. 678, col. 2, line 30, for 'Country Magistrate' read 'County Magistrate.'

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